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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *May* the 1ſt 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

BLACK-BOY ALLEY.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, who (as you lately obſerved) live *the Lord knows how.* I have not the honour to be known to you, even in perſon, for I ſeldom go abroad: but you ſeem, by your writings, to be of a compaſſionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myſelf under your protection.

I AM the ſon of an honeſt tradeſman in Cheapſide, and was born in a houſe that has deſcended in the family, from father to ſon, through ſeveral generations. I had my education at a grammar ſchool in London, not far from the ſtreet where my father lived, and where he uſed frequently to call as he paſſed by, to remind my maſter, that he hoped I ſhould ſoon *go into Greek*. I verily believe the good man perſuaded himſelf, that whenever this happened, it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

WHEN I was about ſixteen years old, my father obſerved to me one day, as I was ſetting with him in the little back ſhop, that it was now high time for me to determine what ſcheme of life to purſue; and though I knew that my grandfather, a little before his death, had expreſſed his deſire of having me ſettled in the old trade, where he ſaid I ſhould be ſure of *good will*, yet I anſwered my father, without heſitation, that ſince he gave me leave to chuſe for myſelf, I was inclined to ſtudy phyſic. My father, who was in raptures at hearing me make choice of a learned profeſſion, went that very day, and talked over the matter with an old friend of his at Greſham-college; and the reſult of their conference was, that I ſhould be ſent to ſtudy under the celebrated doctor Herman Boerhaave. I was equipped very decently upon the occaſion, and in a very few days arrived ſafely at Leyden, where I ſpent my time in reading the beſt books on the ſubject, and in a conſtant attendance on my maſter's lectures, who expreſſed himſelf ſo pleaſed with my indefatigable application, as to tell me at parting, that I ſhould be an honour to the profeſſion. But I am ſorry to tell you, Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Adam, that notwithſtanding this great man's remarkable ſagacity, he knew nothing of deſtiny: for ſince my return to England, I have lived ſeven years in London, undiſtinguiſhed in a narrow court, without any opportunity of doing either good or hurt in my calling. And what moſt mortifies me is, to ſee two or three of my fellow-ſtudents, who were eſteemed very dull fellows at the doctor's, lolling at their eaſe in warm chariots upon ſprings, while I am doomed to walk humbly through the dirt, in a thread-bare coat and darned ſtockings, a decayed tye-perriwig, a braſs-hilted ſword by my ſide, and a hat, entirely void of ſhape and colour, under my arm; which I aſſure you I do not carry there for ornament, nor for fear of damaging my wig, but to point out to thoſe who paſs by, that I am a phyſician. You may wonder perhaps at hearing nothing of my father; but alas, the good man had the misfortune to die inſolvent ſoon after my return, and I had no other friend to apply to for aſſiſtance.

One day, as I was walking through a narrow paſſage, near St. Martins lane, I ſaw a crowd of people gathered together, and, in the midſt of them, a large fat woman, upon the ground in a fit. I ſoon brought her to herſelf; and, as I was conducting her home, ſhe kindly aſked me to dine with her. I found, upon entering her door, that ſhe kept a chop-houſe; and, as I was going away after a hearty meal, ſhe gave me a general invitation, in return for the good office I had done her, to ſtep in and taſte her mutton, whenever I came that way. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of viſiting my patient. But, alas! thoſe

thoſe days of plenty were ſoon over; for it happened, unfortunately, not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, at a time when I had aſſured the mother that ſhe was quite out of danger. The manner in which ſhe accoſted me upon this occaſion, made it clear that I muſt return once more to a courſe of faſting.

As I was muſing one morning, in a moſt diſconſolate mood, with my leg in my landlady's lap, while ſhe darned one of my ſtockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, together with my own experience and obſervations, plain and wholeſome rules on the ſubject of DIET; and then publiſh them in a neat pocket volume: for I was always well inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it uſed Me. I doubt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear ſmiling, to hear a man who is almoſt ſtarved, talk gravely of compiling obſervations on DIET. The moment I had finiſhed my volume, I ran with it to an eminent bookſeller, near the Manſion-houſe; he was juſt ſet down to dinner; but, upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the ſhop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courteouſly invited me into the parlour, and deſired me *to do as He did*. As ſoon as the cloth was taken away, I produced my manuſcript, and the bookſeller put on his ſpectacles; but to my no ſmall mortification, after glancing his eye over the title-page, he looked ſtedfaſtly upon me for near a minute, in a kind of amazement which I could not account for, and then broke out in the following manner——"My dear ſir! "you are come to the very worſt place in the world "for the ſale of ſuch a performance as this. Why, you "might as ſoon expect the court of aldermen's permiſ-

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" ſion to dedicate to them the life of Lewis Cornaro,
" as to think of preaching upon the ſubject of *lean and*
" *ſallow abſtinence* between the Royal Exchange and
" Temple-bar." He added, indeed, in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with an honeſt man of the trade, who lived near Soho, and who would probably venture to print for me upon reaſonable terms; and that if I pleaſed, he would recommend me to him by a letter; which (through the violent agitation of my ſpirits) I refuſed.

I WALKED back to my lodging with a very heavy heart; and with the moſt gloomy proſpect before my eyes, put my favourite work into a hat-box, which ſtands upon the head of my bed, and there it has remained ever ſince.

Now the favour I have to beg of you, worthy ſir, is, to recommend to the world, in one of your papers, ſuch propoſals as I will bring to you next ſunday morning, or any dark evening this week, for publiſhing by ſubſcription the reſult of my laborious inquiries, that I may be able to procure a decent maintainance. If I ſhould fail in this attempt, my affairs are at ſo low an ebb, that I muſt ſubmit for the ſafety of my perſon, to the confinement of the Fleet, or paſs the reſt of my days, perhaps, under the ſame roof with the unfortunate THEODORE, whoſe *kingdom* (I doubt) *is not of this world.*

IN the mean time, you will oblige me by publiſhing this account, that others may take warning by my ſad example. That the idle vanity of fathers, when they read this ſtory, may be reſtrained within proper bounds; and